



Breathe

immvne

Breathe by immvne

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Characters: Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris

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Summary:

The Loser's Team decides to go swimming on a hot summer day and Bill finds himself drowning.

1. Chapter 1

It was August 12th, 1989. The weather was extremely hot that afternoon so the losers team decided to go take a swim in the lake. Bill, Stan, Richie, Eddie, Mike, and Ben. Beverly sadly isn't here because she is already with her aunt. They all stripped down to their white underwear and jumped into the cold, blue water.

"Stan the man!" Richie yelled as he climbed onto Stanley's pale white back. Stan still traumatized about the It experience screamed and splashed around to throw Richie off of him.

"Don't do that Richie, you know how jumpy I am." Stanley said as he rubbed his own shoulders.

"Don't be such a buzz kill." Richie said as he swam over to Eddie, Mike, and Ben to join in whatever conversation they were having.

"A-are you okay s-s-stan?" Bill stuttered as he swam over to Stanley. Stan always felt himself attracted to Bill. His thin lean body, brown straight hair, his smile. Hell, he even thought his stutter was cute.

"Yeah, I'm fine Bill, just a little startled is all."

"A-alright."

"Hey guys let's play Marco Polo!" Richie shouted.

"How do you play that?" Eddie asked as Bill and Stan swam over to the group.

"Okay, so one person swims around with their eyes closed yelling 'Marco' and then everyone else swims around saying 'polo' eyes open. The person who is it tries to tag the other players." Richie explains. Everyone agrees because what can go wrong with such a simple water game?

Ben ends up being it first so he waits ten seconds for everyone can move out a little bit before yelling...

"Marco!"

“Polo!” everyone shouts back.

As everyone was swimming around and laughing Bill’s foot got stuck in a rope that was in the water. He struggled a bit to get it loose but something was pulling him underneath the icy cold water. Bill took a breath before his head was shoved under the water pulling him down to the rocky bottom of the lake.

Bill loses his breath quickly and opens his mouth which just fills it with water. Struggling to reach the surface to get some oxygen he passes out within two minutes.

“Marco!” Stan shouted because he was it.

“Polo!” Stan heard four voices shout back at him.

Was I mishearing things? Where was Bill’s voice? Is he just playing games? All these questions filled his mind because he is paranoid and he didn’t hear Bill’s voice.

“Bill you have to say polo! No cheating!” Stan chuckled.

After not hearing anything he opened his eyes and quickly looked around. All he saw were four bodies, but none of them were Bill.

“Guys where is Bill?” Stan asked in a shaking voice.

Everyone looked around looking for their friend. But all they saw was flat water.

“Bill!” Stan shouted.

“Bill” everyone else started yelling.

“Maybe he’s out getting dressed?” Mike asked.

“No, he would have told one of us!” Eddie said starting to panic even more.

Everyone apparently got struck with realization that Bill is under the water. Stan dived into the water despite the pain in his eyes from having them open. Almost instantly he spots brown hair floating

upwards. Bill! He wasn't moving and his eyes were closed. Stan swam down to the floor as fast as he could despite the stinging pain in his chest.

Once Stan reaches Bill he tries to pull him up, but Bill is pulled back down. What is holding him down? I have to get him out quick! Stan thinks to himself. He looks around and spots a thick rope that is tangled around Bill's foot. Is that a heavy weight tied onto the other side of the rope? Who could have done this? As he cleared his mind of these thoughts he untied the rope and pulled the skinny boy to the surface.

Once he pulled Bill onto the dry grass he started cpr.

"One one-thousand, two one-thousand, three one-thousand, four one-thousand- breathe!" The words echoed in his mind like thunder as he blew a breath into the unresponsive body lying prone in front of him.

He could feel the coldness of skin against his mouth, taste the rusty flavor of the water, hear the others crying in the distance, but not once did Bill move. Damn it, Bill!

"One one-thousand, two one-thousand, three one-thousand-BREATHE!" His own heart was pounding against his rib cage as he administered compressions to Bill's thin chest, praying to feel the paralleled response in the other body. "Come on, Buddy."

Blood was coming from somewhere now, it's warmth stinging his lips, it's metallic twang was mixing with the rusty water, it's coppery scent overpowering the smell of brine and rotting fish.

Stan almost gagged, but started again.

"One one-thousand, two one-thousand, I won't let you, damn it- three one-thousand- please- four one-thousand- Please, Bill, don't you go-BREATHE!"

His lungs burned with the exertion, his chest heaved and he felt his eyes sting with betrayal. In a moment of weakness he let his hand rest on his best friend's forehead and then slide through Bill's wet hair, seeking some kind of comfort for both of them. It's okay Bill,

I'm here. Then adrenaline resumed command once more, a voice echoing in his head. This is no time to lose it, Stanley.

"One one-thousand" Stan almost choked on the words, "two one-thousand", a sob escaped from the hollow recessed of the dark pit he'd tried a year to fill. "Three one-thousand" he squeezed his eyes shut, hot tears sliding down his face to mingle with Bill's face. "Four one-thousand," he screamed in rage at the taunting sun above them, "BREATHE!"

He'd just pulled away from Bill when he heard it, felt the brush of sweet breath on his cheek.

He quickly wiped the back of his hand over his mouth, removing Bill's blood as he did so. "Thank you." Stan whispered, casting his eyes heavenward for just a moment, before roughly turning Bill on his side as he coughed and choked on the rusty water making its way out of his lungs.

Stan held Bill's head as he managed to take that first painful breath on his own, which had him coughing and choking even more. "That's it, Bill. Come on back."

Finally the worst of it seemed over, and Stan eased Bill into a sitting position. He pulled Bill into a hug "You scared me so bad Bill."

"I-I'm s-s-sorry" Bill stuttered as he bursted into heavy tears. Stan just held him close and planted kisses to Bill's face.

"It's alright, let's all just go home and warm you up." Stan whispered into Bill's ear as he lifted the boy he loved into his arms.

2. Chapter 2

Stan carried Bill through the Denbrough's front door. The tiny boy passed out in his arms around 13 minutes ago due to exhaustion. I mean who wouldn't be tired right after drowning? No one. Stan carried Bill upstairs to the white walled, cold floored bathroom. He sat Bill against the shiny pastille tub for he could fill it up with warm water.

"Bill" Stan nudged Bill's shoulder to wake him. Bill only groaned and turned his head away from Stan, still asleep. "Billy." Stan tried again. This time bright green eyes slowly opened and confusingly gazed at the curly haired boy.

"y-y-y-y-yes-s?" Bill stuttered. This has been the worst Stan has ever seen Bill stutter.

"I need to get you warmed up, you're freezing." Stan replies. Bill was sickly pale looking, his skin was freezing cold, and his lips were a tint of blue. Bill only nodded, afraid of losing his voice. "Okay buddy do you want to keep these on?" Stan gulped as he pointed a finger to Bill's underwear. They were frozen, hard and uncomfortable. Bill's cheeks would have been rosy if he wasn't freezing.

"Sh-Sh-Sh-u-r-re." Bill once again struggled to spit out.

Stan's heart fluttered as he pulled on the stale white underwear. Once he takes them off completely he notices red indented lines on Bill's hips. They were digging into his skin for so long. Stan broke his stare and picked up the light weighted child into his arms again.

"Billy, I'm so sorry, but this might sting a little. I mean maybe a lot." Stan whispered. He slowly put the skinny boy into the warm water. Since his skin is ice cold it feels like he is burning. Bill instantly started to cry out, arms flailing trying to escape. "I'm so sorry Bill!" Stan cries as he gets into the water to help his friend. He moved to the back of Bill and pulls the boy close. Cries rapidly turned into loud sobs. The pain was indescribable, who knew water could be this painful.

Slowly, but surely the pain went away and Bill's sobs turned into quiet cries. He was tired and confused. Why did bad things always happen to him? First the car accident, secondly Georgie's death, and now this?

Bill was so caught up into his thoughts that he did not realize that Stan had lifted him out of the tub and wrapped his shaking body with a red fluffy towel that only went down to his thighs.

"Let's go" Stanley said as Bill leaned his weight against him. He lead them to Bill's bed and sat him down. Stan walked over to Bill's dresser and pulled out some dark blue sweats, white underwear, and a light grey shirt from the draws. "Do you need any help?"

"I-I-I c-can do it-t-t." Bill stuttered. He handed Bill the clothes and walked over to the desk and sat down.

30 seconds has past until he hears a slight call for him from Bill.

"S-S-Stan"

He turns around and see's Bill in his underwear and struggling to put his pants on. Stan walks over and plants a kiss onto his head and pulls Bill's pants up and ties the strings loosely. "It's okay, I'm happy to help you." Stan states as he pulls the grey shirt over the brown-haired boy's head. "I will always be there for you."

Stan sat down and pulled Bill close. "I'm sorry I should have been there with you."

"Y-Yo-ou d-din-n't kn-now t-that wo-ould h-h-happen Stan-n." Bill replied, his stutter still bad.

"yeah Bill, but I still could have noticed you've went missing earlier."

"I'm s-stil-l-l he-ere." Stan didn't say another word because he knew Bill was 100% right, he was alive and breathing and Stan is so grateful for that.

"lets just get some rest Bill" Stan says as he lightly pushes his boy into a lying position and pulls him to his chest. Yes, they were not a couple, but something tragic just happened and it will take a while to recover from. Stan started to rub circles into Bill's bony shoulders

trying to comfort the boy until he fell into a deep slumber.

Not only 5 minutes later he heard Bill's breathing even out. Stan just lies there letting his thoughts take over on what would have happened if Bill died today.

Author's Note:

I would like to say that this is my very first fanfic that I have ever written, I hope you like it! :)